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Henri Temianka Correspondence

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12-25-1979

# Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)

Ray Bradbury

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## Henri Temianka Correspondence; (bradbury)

### **Description**

This collection contains material pertaining to the life, career, and activities of Henri Temianka, violin virtuoso, conductor, music teacher, and author. Materials include correspondence, concert programs and flyers, music scores, photographs, and books.

### **Keywords**

Henri Temianka, Ray Bradbury, December 25, 1979, virtuosity in musical performance, culture, violinist, violin, chamber music, camaraderie, love, family, religion, celebration, holiday, Christmas, husband, wife



EMMY! HENRI!

## Christmas Greetings 1979

LOVE from MAF + RAY  
MAGGIE and RAY BRADBURY

They have not see the stars,  
Not one, not one  
Of all the creatures on this world  
In all the ages since the sands first touched the wind  
Not one, not one,  
No beast of all the beasts has stood  
On meadowland or plain or hill  
And known the thrill of looking at those fires;  
Our soul admires what they, oh, they, have never known.  
Five billion years have flown in turnings of the spheres  
But not once in all those years  
Has lion, dog, or bird that sweeps the air  
Looked there, oh, look. Looked there, ah God, the stars;  
Oh, look, look there!  
It is as if all time had never been.  
Or Universe or Sun or Moon or simple morning light.  
Their tragedy was mute and blind, and so remains. Our sight?  
Yes, ours? To know now what we are.  
But think of it, then choose—now, which?  
Born to raw Earth, inhabiting a scene  
And all of it, no sooner viewed, erased, gone blind  
As if these miracles had never been?  
Vast circlings of sounding light, of fire and frost  
And all so quickly seen then quickly lost?  
Or us, in fragile flesh, with God's new eyes  
That lift and comprehend and search the skies?  
We watch the seasons drifting in the lunar tide  
And know the years, remembering what's died.

Oh, yes, perhaps some birds some nights  
Have felt Orion rise and tuned their flights  
And turned toward South  
Because star-charts were printed in their sweet  
genetic dreams—  
Or so it seems.  
But, see? But really see and know?  
And, knowing, want to touch those fires,  
To grow until the mighty brow of Man Lamarckian-tall  
Knocks earthquakes, striking Moon,  
Then Mars, then Saturn's rings;  
And, growing, hope to show  
All other beasts just how  
To fly with dreams instead of ancient wings.  
So, think on this: we're first! the only ones  
Whom God has honored with his rise of suns.  
For us as gifts Aldeberon, Centauri, homestead Mars.  
Wake up, God says. Look there. Go fetch.  
The stars. Oh, Lord, much thanks. The stars!

SEE YOU AT  
THE ALLEGRO  
BALL!  
AND SOONER!



[[Nick Dante 7/28/17]]

[[Henri Temianka Correspondence  
Ray Bradbury  
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[[note: written on typed letter]]

EMMY!       HENRI!

LOVE    MAG + RAY

SEE YOU AT  
THE ALLEGRO  
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